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Dream On, Little Stream

Chi-Hoi Duong

From the north side man-made pond,
To the golf course where the stream makes its round,
In and out by the home sites,
Throw itself into the mighty East DuPage River's arms.
Seeing it coming across from my window bay,
Bring out four seasons to play,
With the vast canvas of forest reserve against the big sky,
What a glamour painting it draws along the way.
As spring arrives again,
Snow thaws as April shower reins,
Squirrels and rabbits chasing on the green,
The duck family lays their home claims at the river bend.
Sometimes in the raging rain,
The streams become mighty as it can,
High water pouring through the preserve's land,
Thanks God the water won't take a stand.
Soothing the heat when summer is around,
The trees show its shade abound,
Till the fall in the door step,
The leaves slowly takes the ride on the stream down.
Grey sky comes in the winter day,
And the snow fall seems not far away,
Ice lays the path of the stream,
Far beneath the water is still flowing its way.
Not for long spring would comes back its way,
And the stream bounces back and plays,
Under the unpredictable March sky,
But this is the nature showing its way.